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Helen Louise Birch

UP IN THE HILLS

The earth smells old and warm and mellow, and all things
lie at peace.

I too serenely lie here under the white-oak tree, and know
the splendid flight of hours all blue and gay, sun-
drenched and still.

The dogs chase rabbits through the hazel-brush;
I hear now close at hand their eager cries, now swift reced-
ing into the distance, leaving a-trail behind them in the
clear sweet air shrill bursts of joy.

There's something almost drowsy in that waning clamor;
It brings the stillness nearer and a sense of being bodily at
one with the old warm earth,

Blessedly at one with the fragrant laughing sun-baked earth,
At one with its sly delightful wicked old laughter.

CAN THIS BE ALL?

Can this be all?

Can this unfinished thing be called complete,

And I be left to face it thus forever,

Forever to twist and turn, remould and tint anew?

ARTIST

Bird, whose eyes I cannot see,

Whose flight is beautiful,

From your wings in passing

Bright plumage is drifting down to us.